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Uncle Sam songster

[S.l.]

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Uncle Sam.

SONGSTER.

Uncle Sam
Let each Man learn to know Himself
The Christmas Log
Will-o'-the Wisp
A little more Cider too
Thou art so near and yet so far
I'd be a Soldier still
The whole Hog or none
Rigs o Barley
General Garibaldi
What's a' the Steer Kimmer
Gentle Annie
Old Bob Ridley, oh!

Mrs Sarah Ridley oh!
The Young Man bred a Carpentier
Down in Piccadilly
I know a Bank
Better Late than Never
Mamma won't bring me Out
Answer to Gentle Annie
I'm off to Charlestown
Phœbe Dearest
Over the Sea
Free and Easy
Answer to Wait for the Waggon

Uncle Sam.

SONGSTER.

white PN 970, E5 UNCL

UNCLE SAM'S

SONGSTER.

A COLLECTION OF FAVOURITE SONGS.

Uncle Sam.

White folks! pity Uncle Sam!
I've come from Old Kentucky;
From slavery escaped I am,
And, jolly! I think I'm lucky.
Dere all fighting in de States,
So I ran away across the waves,
And came to good Old England,
Who always helps the slaves.

White folks, harrah!
A runaway slave I am.
Show by your kind smiles to night,
You pity Uncle Sam.

Tell me, do you think it right,
That North and South should fight?
I hope Old England won't interfere,
For I think she does quite right.
In de South they want poor Sam
But de North would let him free;
De South dey keep my missus,
Who is all de world to me!
White folks, &c.

Oh, my wife! de pretty Dinah!
She came from Old Virginny,
If she was here I should be happy,
With my sixteen piccaninny.
But no! I must not grieve,
Some day I hope to see 'em,
So now, good folks, I'll take my leave,
And come again another evening.
White folks, &c.

Let each Man Learn to Know Himself.

Let each man learn to know himself,
To gain that knowledge let him labour,
Improve those failings in himself
Which he condemns so in his neighbour;
How lenient our own faults we view,
And conscience voice adroitly smother,
But oh how harshly we review,
The self-same errors in another.

Chorus.

Let each man learn to know himself,
To gain that knowledge let him labour;
Improve those failings in himself,
Which he condemns so in his neighbour.

And when you meet an erring one,
Whose deeds are blameable & thoughtless,
Consider 'ere you cast the stone,
If you yourself be pure and faultless,
Oh, list to that small voice within,
Whose whisperings oft make men confounde,
And trumpet not another's sin,
You would blush if your own were sounded.

Or in self judgment if you find,
Your deeds to others are superior,
To you has Providence been kind,
As you should be to those inferior.
Example sheds a genial ray
Of light that men are apt to borrow,
So first improve yourself to-day,
And then improve your friend to-morrow.

The Christmas Log.

Hail to the night when we gather once more
All the forms we love to meet,
When we've many a guest,
That's dear to our breast,
And the household dog at our feet.
Who would not be
In the circle of glee,
When heart to heart is yearning,
When joy breathes out
In the laughing shout,
While the Christmas log is burning.

'Tis one of the fairy hours of life,
When the world seems all of light.
For the thought of woe,
Or the name of foe,
Ne'er darkens the festive night.
When the bursting mirth,
Rings round the hearth,
Oh where is the spirit that's moving?
While merry birds chime,
With the carol rhyme
And the Christmas log is burning.

Then is the time when the guest
Leaps back to the days of his youth,
When the brows and eyes
Bear no disguise,
But flash and gloom with truth.
Oh then is the time,
When the soul exults,
And seem right haavenward turning,
While we love and bless
The hands we press.
And the Christmas log is burning.

A COLLECTION OF FAVOURITE SONGS.

Will-o'-the Wisp.

When night's dark mantle hath covered all,
I come in fire array'd;
Many a victim I've seen fall,
Or fly from me dismay'd,
"Will-o'-the-wisp," they trembling cry;
'Will-o'-the-wisp, 'tis he!"
To mark their fright, as off they fly,
Is merry sport for me.
I dance, I dance, I'm here, I'm there;
Who tries to catch me, catches but air.
The mortal who follows me, follows in vain,
For I laugh ha, ha!
I laugh, ho, ho!
I laugh at their folly—I laugh at their pain.

Many a traveller I deceive,
And, with their parting breath,
I hear them call in vain for help.
And dance round them in death.
"Will-o'-the-wisp," they trembling cry;
"Will-o'-the-wisp, 'tis he!"
To mark their shriek, as they sink and die,
Is merry sport to me.
I dance, &c.

A little more Cider too.

I love the white gal and the black,
And I love all the rest;
I love the girls for loving me,
But I love myself the best.
Oh dear, I am so thirsty,
I've just been down to supper;
I drank three pails of apple-jack,
And a tub of apple butter.

Chorus.
Oh, a little more cider too,
A little more cider, too,
A little more cider for Miss Dinah
A little more cider, too.

When first I saw Miss Snowflake,
'Twas on Broadway I spied her:
I'd give my hat and boots, I would,
If I could been beside her.
She looked at me, I looked at her,
And then I crossed the street;
And then she said to me—
A little more cider, sweet,
Oh, a little more cider, &c.

Oh, I wish I was an apple,
And Snowflake was another;
Oh, what a pretty pair we'd make,
Upon a tree together.
How bad the darkies all would feel.
When on the tree they spied her,
To think how we would be.
When we're made into cider.
Oh, a little more cider, &c.

Thou art so near and yet so far.

I know an eye so softly bright,
That glistens like a star of night!
My soul it draws, with glances kind,
To Heaven's blue vault, and there I find,
Another star, as pure and clear
As that which mildly sparkles here.
Beloved eye, beloved star,
Thou art so near and yet so far.

That eye so soft like violets blue,
A treasure bears of morning dew;
And when its light entranced I see,
What joy, what pain possesses me!
A world were I would gladly dwell,
In that bright orb I love so well.
Beloved eye, &c.

If closed at last that radiant eye should be,
No more the day will dawn for me,
If night should dim its laughing light,
Oh then for ever, ever 'twill be night!
Those eyes that brightly, softly shine,
For me the sun and moon combine.
Beloved eye, &c.

I'd be a Soldier still.

Might I march thro' life again,
In spite of ev'ry by-gone ill,
To the end of life's campaign,
I would be a soldier still,
I have laugh'd in peril's face,
Or a comrade's tomb I've wept,
And 'midst the waking warfare,
Of the blood-stained field I've slept,
Might I march, &c.

I have seen the pale-faced moon,
Shining o'er a hero's grave,
Where a gallant heart lay cold,
Once the noblest of the brave.
I saw that soldier fall,
And the tear that dill'd his eye,
'Tis all I ask of glory,
For my country so to die.
Might I march, &c.

The whole Hog or none.

I'm all the way from Yankee land,
To England I've just come;
I've long'd to see the Britishers,
And tread on Freedom's home.
Oh, London is a mighty place,
Where funny things are done,
But in Charlestown you're bound to go,
The whole hog or none

Chorus.

Oh lor gals. I wish I'd lots of money,
Charlestown's a migty place the folks they are so funny,
And they all are bound to go
The whole hog or none.

Now since I came to London,
Some funny folks I have seen;
To Spurgeon and the Alhambra,
A few times, I have been.
Mister Leotard on the rope
To see him fly, what fun;
If he should fall he's bound to go
The whole hog or none.

Oh lor gals, &c.

Now p'raps you white folks never saw,
The Yankee steamers race;
By golly tney go any how,
With the bulgine they keep pace.
And when the boiler burst,
Up the folks do come,
And like the railways here they go,
The whole hog or none.

Oh lor gals, &c.

The Northern and the Southern States,
Are kicking up a row;
But who will gain the day at last,
It shortly shall know.
They had a runaway fight,
At a place they call Bull's Run;
But John Bull would make 'em go
The whole hog or none

Oh lor gals, &c.

In Rotten Row the young swells,
They out it rather fast;
They stare at the fair sex you'll see,
They are not short of brass.
The pretty little horse breakers,
Breaking hearts they are, by gum!
For in Rotten Row they're sure to go
The whole hog or none.

Oh lor gals, &c.

Should shy of you white folks
Feel inclined to range;
In England you had better stop,
Nor think of such a change.
Where freedom is a blessing,
For slavery they shun
But when their monkey's up they go
The whole hog or none.

Oh lor gals, &c.

Rigs o' Barley.

It was upon a Lammas night,
When corn rigs are bonnie,
Beneath the moon's unclouded light
I held awa to Annie;
The time flew by wi' tentless heed
Till 'tween the late and early;
Wi' small persuasion she agreed,
To see me through the barley.

The sky was blue, the wind was still,
The moon was shining clearly;
I set her down with right good will,
Amang the rigs of barley:
I kent her heart was a my ain;
I lov'd her most sincerely;
I kiss'd her owre and owre again,
Amang the rigs o' barley.

I lock'd her in y fond embrace;
Her heart was beating rarely:
My blessings on that happy place,
Amang the rigs o' barley:
But by that moon and stars sae bright,
That shone that hour sae clearly,
She aye shall bless that happy night,
Amang the rigs o' barley.

I hae been blythe wi' comrades dear;
I hae been merry drinking;
I hae been joyfu' gath'ring gear;
I hae been happy th nking;
But a' the pleasures e'er I saw,
Though three times doubled fairly,
That happy night was worth them a',
Amang the rigs o' barley.

Chorus.

Corn rigs, and barley rigs,
And corn rigs are bonnie;
I'll ne'er forget that happy night,
Amang the rigs wi' Annie.

General Garibaldi.

Oh, have you heard the rows of late,
All over the Italian States,
If you have not, I'll just relate,
The deeds of Garibaldi.
He's a Wellington to the back bone,
He fighting will not leave alone,
Freedom's flag he will unfurl,
For liberty all o'er the world;
Onward to the field he'll go,
Where he will conquer every foe,
A hero, as we may suppose,
Brave General Garibaldi.

Chorus.

For Freedom on Italia's ground,
Proud Italy he travels round,
And tramples tyrants to the ground,
Brave General Garibaldi.

He made the king of Naples jump,
He fired a turnip at his rump,
Then knocked him over a cabbage-stump,
Brave General Garibaldi.
He is daily crowned with victory,
He means to set all subjects free,
He strives for freedom with all his might,
He means to do the thing that's right;
We'll Garibaldi's praises sing,
He tyrants will to justice bring,
He cares not for emperors, popes, or kings,
Brave General Garibaldi.

The news now in every town,
Is that Garibaldi's gaining ground,
His cause is noble true, and sound,
Success to Garibaldi.
No king or power does he fear,
He will have Britannia's volunteers,
Who will with joy to Naples go,
And lay the tyrant Bomba low,
Proud Naples soon, and Sicily,
As every honest man will see,
All shall in happiness be free,
By noble Garibaldi.

"My determination is," said he,
"Man, woman and child, shall shortly be,
Gay and happy, proud and free."
Brave General Garibaldi.
He means to crush despotic laws,
He means to fight in Freedom's cause,
He means to crush a tyrant king,
And every rogue to justice bring;
Freedom, Right and Liberty,
In Naples and in Sicily,
May Heaven grant a victory,
To noble Garibaldi.

Queen Bomba strutted out so fine,
Garibaldi's troops marched up behind,
When she got shot in her crinoline,
By General Garibaldi.
Long has the subjects been oppressed,
Long have they wept and felt distress,
Long have they suffered care and pain,
Garibaldi does not fight for gain;
He fights to set the people free,
He fights to gain their liberty,
And that they soon may happy be,
Success to Garibaldi.

Sardinia does him loudly cheer,
Sicily cries you are welcome here,
And every village he comes near,
They welcome Garibaldi.
More brave than Bonny was 'tis true,
Or Wellington of Waterloo,
There never was known upon the land,
A braver and a better man;
He fights for honour in Freedom's cause,
And tramples down oppressive laws,
He'll deal the tyrant fatal blows,
Will General Garibaldi.

Chorus.

Here's Garibaldi, three times three.
The noble friend of Liberty,
He will gain a glorious victory,
Brave General Garibaldi.

What's a' the Steer Kimmer?

What's a' the steer, kimmer, what's a' the steer?
Jamie he has landed, and soon he will be here;
Gae lace your boddice blue, lassie, lace your boddice blue,
Put on your Sunday claes, and trim your cap anew;
For I'm right glad o' heart, kimmer, right glad o' heart,
I hae a bonny breast-knot, and for his sake I wear't,
Sin' Jamie hae come hame, I hae no cause to fear,
Bid the neebours all come down, and welcome Jamie here.
For I'm right glad, &c.

Where's Roland Todd, lassie? run and fetch him here,
Bid him bring his pipes, lassie, bid him tune 'em clear;
For we'll taste the barley-mow, and we'll foot it to and fro,
Sin' Jamie hae come hame we'll give him hearty cheer.
What's a' the steer, kimmer, what's a' the steer?
Jamie he has landed, and soon he will be here;
Bid Allen Ramsey run, did him kill the fatted deer—
Oh, the neebours little ken how we'll welcome Jamie here.
What's a' the steer? &c.

Gentle Annie.

Thou wilt come no more, gentle Annie,
Like a flower did th spirit depart;
Thou art gone, alas! like the many,
That have bloom'd in the summer of my heart.
We have roam'd and lov'd 'mid the bowers,
When thy downy cheeks were in their bloom;
Now I stand alone 'mid the he flowers
While they mingle their perfumes o'er thy tomb.

Shall we never more behold thee,
Never hear thy winning voice again;
When the spring time comes gentle Annie,
When the wild flowers are scatter'd o'er the plain.

The moon and stars shine as bright, gentle Annie,
As when you were by my side;
What's the moon and stars to me, gentle Annie.
Since you never will be my bride.
Oh! gentle Annie, thou art sleeping,
'Neath the dreary yew tree's shade,
While I, my love, for thee am weeping,
And wish but with thee I laid.

Ah! the hours grow sad while I ponder,
Near the spot where thou art laid;
And my heart bows down when I wander,
By the streams and meadows where we stray'd.

Old Bob Ridley, oh!

I'se come to chuck a challenge out,
Don't care to whom or what about;
Dare am no man or bery few,
Can do de tings dat I can do,
Dis Bob Ridley, oh!

I o nigger's been where I has been,
Or seen de sights that I has seen;
Do I'm so darky to de sight,
Go find a white folk half so bright.

At shooting I is just de blade
Such a clipper at de gunning trade;
Trough out de States I cant' be match'd,
I shoot all de birds before dey's hatch'd.

Den talk of swimming, if I wish,
I can lick de fastest fish;
But what's de use ob me to talk,
I'd swim from London to New York.

And as for running of a race,
Dar's none can touch me in de place;
I once gib chase to a lightnin' flash,
Dis darky lick'd it all to smash.

At boxing I am sure to gain on,
A tousand times I've lick'd Jack Hennan;
And for winding up de belt affairs,
Next I'm going to belt Tom Sayers.

Mrs. Sarah Ridley, oh!

Oh, white folk I'm just from New York,
So about myself gib me leab to talk;
From ole Bob Ridley I took my way,
'Cos he neber let me hab my say.

Chorus.
I am Sarah Ridley, oh!
Wife to ole Bob, oh!
I am Sarah Ridley, oh!
Mrs. Sarah Ridley, oh!

De reason I'se come over here
Was because the cibil war I fear;
To cibil by half for me to bear
I didn't wait to get my share.

Dere's a row wid de Yankee States,
About de slabe trade dey debate;
But ole England am de State for me,
Where Queen Victoria make all slabe free.

But white folk I beg you'll not forget,
Dat I am free, and am to let;
I don't mean to be let alone,
'Cos all I'se got, is all my own.

Don't put me down as a darky dunce,
You young lads don't speak all at once;
I am well worth what I most deserve,
Wid me first come, is de first serbe.

The Young Man bred a Carpentier.

My love he is a saileur-boy, gallant and bold,
He's as tall as a flag-staff, scarcely nineteen years old;
For to cruise around this wide world, he has left his own dear,
And my heart it is a busting, because he's not here.

Chorus.
For his spirit was tremendous
And fierce to behold;
In a young man bred a carpentier.
Only nineteen years old.

His parients they bounded him for to be a carpentier,
But a seafaring life he did very much prefer;
For his spirit was tremendous and fierce to behold,
In a young man bred a carpentier, only nineteen years old
For his spirit, &c.

My buzzum it is tossing just like the rolling sea,
For fear that his affections don't still point to me;
For a sweetheart can be found in any port, I'm told,
Especially for a young man only nineteen years old.
For his spirit, &c.

And it's oh, for my lovier, I grieve and repine,
For fear this young man can never be mine;
All the wealth of the Indies, in silver and gold,
I would give for my sailor boy only nineteen years old.
For his spirit, &c.

A COLLECTION OF FAVOURITE SONGS.

Down in Piccadilly.

Music published by Foster and Co., 16, Hanover Street, Regent Street, W.

I'm fond of pretty girls,
Whose lovely glances burk us,
Sweetest I e'er met,
Was down by Regent Circus;
Eyes as black as sloes,
They almost knocked me silly,
As I met her round the corner,
Down in Piccadilly.
Too ral loo ral, &c.

I scarce knew what to do,
I felt in such a tremor,
So I raised my hat and said,
"How do you do, Miss Emma?"
Says she "There's some mistake,
My name happens to be Milly."
Said I, "Never mind your name,
Let's walk down Piccadilly."
Too ral loo ral, &c.

With a dear bewitching smile,
She said, "Oh! certainly I will sir."
As she took my arm I felt,
A most delightful thrill, sir.
As in my face she looked,
Said I to myself, "Billy,
Your precious goose is cooked,
As sure as you're in Piccadilly.
Too ral loo ral, &c.

At first we were quite coy,
But on our friendship warming,
We talked of loves and doves,
In manner quite alarming.
Thinks I my time is come,
I'll have her, willy-nilly,
Around her my arms I flung,
Down in Piccadilly.
Too ral loo ral, &c

I was almost mad with joy,
As in my arms I caught her,
When an old chap pass'd and said,
"You're cuddling of my daughter—
Take that! and that! and that!
You scoundrel, I will kill ye!"
And rolled me in the gutter,
Down in Piccadilly.
Too ral loo ral, &c.

I was up just like a shot,
The crowd began to jeer me,
So I went it, right and left,
Into the first chap near me.
A p'liceman pass'd and said,
"Now come along, now, will ye?
And he lugg'd me to the station-house,
In Vine-street, Piccadilly.
Too ral loo ral, &c.

I was kept there all the night,
It seemed to me a week, sir,
At ten o'clock next morning,
I was brought before the "beak," sir,
I was dragg'd into the dock,
All shivering and chilly,
And charged with kicking up a row,
Down in Piccadilly.
Too ral loo ral, &c.

The old man told the beak,
His daughter he had found her,
Near Piccadilly pump, and that
I'd got my arms around her.
The case was clearly proved,
And, in a voice quite trilly,
The beak he bound me down,
To keep the peace in Piccadilly.
Too ral, loo ral, &c.

I was almost as pleased,
As if I'd found a shilling,
So, says I, "I'll keep the piece,
That is if the piece is willing."
Says he, "What do you mean?"
Says I, "I mean Miss Milly—"
Says she, "Then name the day—"
Says I, "This day week, in Piccadilly.
Too ral loo ral, &c.

We married were, of course,
And the picture of true loves are,
We ne'er get crabb'd or cross,
But like two turtle-doves are,
Our first son people said,
That I should christen "Willy."
But, to celebrate the happy day,
I've called him "Piccadilly."
Too ral loo ral, &c.

I know a Bank.

Music published by Horn.

I know a bank whereon the wild thyme blows—
Where oxlips and the nodding violet grows;
There sleeps the fairy queen, some time of night,
Lull'd in these flowers with dances and delight.

A COLLECTION OF FAVOURITE SONGS

Better Late than Never.

What folly 'tis for man to fret
And waste his days repining;
Care not though the sun be set,
He still is somewhere shining
The clouds that hover round him now,
Will not be there for ever;
In better days we'll feel his rays,
And better late than never.
Why then, why,
Not use the strong endeavour,
Try, men, try,
'Tis better late than never!

Though rough's the road we journey now,
We need not still abide it;
'Tis little gain to have a plough
Without the hand to guide it,
Frail and slender gossamer thread,
A breath of wind may sever,
But all in vain, 'tis formed again,
So better late than never.

Should fortune fly ye—still proceed,
All thoughts of failure spurning,
The lane is long and straight indeed,
That has no end or turning.
'Tis not the wish that makes men great,
'Tis works proclaim them clever,
A battle won, though wrong begun,
'Tis better late than never.

Then onward be the watchword still,
Each on himself relying,
The way comes friendly with the will,
There's nothing lost by trying,
So if success we can't command,
To gain it let's endeavour,
Then great or small, if gained at all,
'Tis better late than never.

"Mamma won't bring me Out."

Air—"Early in the Morning."

Oh! I am in a horrid pet,
Mammas are such a stupid set,
The live-long day I fret and pout,
Because mamma won't bring me out.

Heigho! it's so provoking,
Heigho! it's so provoking,
Heigho! it's so provoking,
My ma, won't bring me out,

Next birthday sixteen I shall be,
I big enough for twenty-three,
In proportion I am stout,
And yet mamma, won't bring me out.

There's Angelina, Clara Green,
Only just turned seventeen,
Allowed to go ball or rout,
And yet mamma, won't bring me out.

As James the footman said one night,
If I eloped, would serve ma right,
And John the groom when riding out,
Declared ma ought to bring me out.

Heigho! oh, dear, what shall I do—
Gentlemen, I appeal to you
Your opinions, prejudice without,
If fit for ma, to bring me out.

But oh! how joyous it would be
A gentleman to fancy me,
Mamma then I would do without,
My husband he would bring me out.

That would be so charming,
That would be so charming,
That would be so charming,
Now who will bring me out?

Answer to Gentle Annie.

Air—"Gentle Annie."

Oh, weep no more for thy Annie,
Nor bend at eve near her tomb,
Far away from the shores of affliction,
Far away from this wilderness of gloom.
In the land of delight thou shalt behold her
There shalt list to her dulcet voice again;
Where the flowers which bloom never wither
And the joy of the bosom doth remain.

There's a crowd that moves with thy Annie
In robes pure as moonlight on snow;
Could'st thou hear the songs which they are singing,
And the peace of their spirits could'st thou know.
In the land of delight thou hult behold her.
There shall list to her dulcet voice again;
Where the flowers which bloom never wither,
And the joy of the bosom doth remain.

Every sun that goes down at evening,
Brings Annie nearer to thy gaze;
Wait in hope, wait in patience, it is coming
And you'll never see the end of happy days.
In the land of delight thou shalt behold her
There shall list to her dulcet voice again
Where the flowers that bloom never wither,
And the joy of the bosom doth remain.

I'm off to Charlestown.

My Massa and my misses have both
gone away,
Gone to the Sulpher springs the sum-
mer month to stay;
And while they're off togedder on a
little kind of spree,
I'll be off Charlestown de pretty gals
to see.

I'm off to Charlestown early in de
mornin
I'm off to Charlestown and little time
to stay:
So give my respect to all de pretty
yaller gals,
I'm off to Charlestown before de
break of day.

My Nellishe wav'd her handkerchief
afore sue let me go,
Floating down de ribber wid my ole
bango:
I stood and gaz'd upon her and wipe
away a tear,
De last words she said to me was fare
you well, my dear.

It began to rain a little, de night was
berry dark,
De niggers dey get frighted, de dogs
begin to bark:
De coon he scar'd de buzzard, de
buzzard scar'd de coon,
And dey all kept up a running till to
morrow afternoon.

Charlestown is a pretty place, de gals
dey dress so neat,
Dey am so slender round de waist
and pretty in de feet;
I'd rather kiss my yaller den all de
gals I eber see,
Cause her breath is like an orange
blossom hanging on de tree.

Phoebe Dearest.

Phoebe, dearest, tell oh! tell me,
May I hope that you'll be mine?
Oh! let no cold frown repel me;
Leave me not with grief to pine.
Though 'tis told in homely fashion,
Phoebe, trust the tale I tell—
Never was truer purer passion
Than within this heart doth dwell.

Long I've watched each rare perfec-
tion
Stealing o'er that gentle brow,
Till respect became affection,—
Such as that I offer now.
If you love me and will have me,
True I'll be in weal or woe;
If in proud disdain you leave me,
For a soldier I will go.

Little care the broken hearted
What their fate by land or sea;
Phoebe, if we once are parted,
Once for ever it will be.
Say, then, "Yes," or blindly, madly,
I will rush upon the foe;
And will welcome, oh! how gladly!
Shot and shell that lays me low.

Over the sea.

OVER the sea, over the sea,
Hear what a little bird whis-
per'd to me—
Over the sea, over the sea,
Somebody's coming ere long.
Then march, march, march,
Ye lads of the heather,
Come trooping together,
Come march, march, march,
Gallant hearts, valiant and strong!
Oh, its over the sea, over the sea,
Hear what a bonnie bird whisper'd
to me—
Over the sea, over the sea,
Somebody's coming to me.

Over the sea, over the sea, (frae me
Too long my laddie has wander'd
Over the sea, over the sea,
Now he is coming once more.
Then we'll march, march, march,
To greet him once more,
On his own native shore;
Let us march, march, march,
And bear him in triumph along.
Oh its over the sea, over the sea.
Hear what a bonnie bird whisper'd
to me—
Over the sea, over the sea,
Charlie is coming once more.

Free and Easy.

I'M the lad that's free and easy
Wherese'er I chance to be,
And I'll do the best to please ye,
If you will but list to me.
So let the world jog along as it will,
I'll be free and easy still.
Some there are who meet their
troubles,
Others drown their cares in drink
All one's trials are but bubbles,
Fretting forges many a link.

I envy neither great nor wealthy,
Poverty I'll ne'er despise,
Let me be contented, healthy,
And the boon I'll dearly prize.

The great have cares I little know of
All that glitters is not gole,
Merit is seldom made a show of,
And true worth is rarely bold.

Why then waste our time in fretting,
The longest lane must have an end
Industry strives hard in getting
Stores, for fools and knaves to
spend.

I care for all, yet care for no man,
Those who mean well should not
fear.
I like a man, and love a woman,
What else makes this life so dear.

Answer to Wait for the Waggon.

By L. M. Thornton.

IF heart and lips united, and you
now mean all you say,
I cannot see, dear love, why I
should not appoint the day;
The marriage life's a happy one,
when both one way do steer,
Then I will wed my constant lad,
never yield to fear.
So here's comes the waggon,
Here comes the waggon,
Here comes the waggon,
Now off to church we'll ride.

You took me from my dwelling, and
you took me from each friend,
With you it is henceforward I my
every hour must spend;
I love you, and you love me, so
together we'll abide,
But here comes the waggon, so jump
up and have a ride.
Yes, here comes the waggon,
Here comes the waggon,
Here comes the waggon,
Jump up and have a ride.

And when we are united, and around
our knees shall play
With waggon of a toy-like form, our
children through the day,
We'll kiss their nature painted cheeks
and then our own ones too,
And push their tiny vehicle, in
workmanship so true.
And think of the waggon,
Think of the waggon,
Think of the waggon,
And the new happy bride.

MORAL.

Ye maidens all, who unto men de-
vote your wives would prove,
Before you have them, be convinced
you've gain'd the heart's pure
love:
And lest (for so it sometimes proves
you are left in the lurch,
Be sure and see the horses' heads
are turned towards the church
Then all right the waggon,
All right the waggon,
All right the waggon,
Jump up and have a ride.

DAMAGED PAGE(S)

I'm off to Charlestown.

My Massa and my misses have both gone away,
Gone to the Sulpher springs the summer month to stay;
And while they're off togedder on a little kind of spree,
I'll be off Charlestown de pretty gals to see.

I'm off to Charlestown early in de mornin
I'm off to Charlesrown and little time to stay:
So give my respect to all de pretty yaller gals,
I'm off to Charlestown before de break of day.

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Floating down de ribber wid my ole bango:
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